

# THE JOAN OF ARC OF THE GREAT MINERS' STRIKE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 15.—A "Joan of Arc" has arisen among the Pennsylvania miners. Her name is Emma Haas, and she is the daughter of a miner, for whom she keeps house. It is probable that Emma Haas never heard of Joan of Arc in all her life, or that she had any ambition loftier than that pertaining to bread, until the strike came.

One day there came a fanatical woman into the little mining town on Plum Creek. She was frowny and loud of speech. She considered it her duty to make speeches to the miners. She hung abroad the banner of riot and bloodshed. She referred to Emma Haas as a woman—a Joan of Arc—who should lead them.

Listening on the outskirts of the crowd, the spirit of the girl was fired. She was in a frenzy.

"Yes," she shouted; "come on! I will lead you!" Then she broke into a wild song, such as was sung by the daughter of Jephtha when her father went to battle. She led a tumultuous march about the village. Forgotten were her pots and pans and the baking of bread. She was transformed into a lawless enemy of society. She lived now only to fight. The papers took up the cry dropped by the fanatical, speech-making woman and magnified the abilities and purposes of Emma Haas a thousandfold.

In a few days she had organized the women of Plum Creek into a sort of Amazon guard, with an insignia of clubs and torches. Altogether there were twenty of them.

On last Monday the Plum Creek strikers made up their minds to attack the working miners. They placed the Amazon guard, led by Emma Haas, in the van. Emma Haas and some other women had babies in one hand and clubs in the other. It was thought that the fear of hurting the innocent infants would restrain the working miners from resisting the onslaught the savage women intended to make upon them.

The plan outlined by the modern Joan of Arc was for the women to crowd around the men as they attempted to go into the mine, take their dinner buckets away and throw them into the ditch. The Amazon brigade started at daylight, trudging along in stolid silence toward the mines. Emma Haas carried a pick handle over her shoulder and led the march. Near the mine they met a crowd of deputies, who had been ordered to arrest them.

"Down with them! Down with the police!" shouted the new Joan of Arc, waving her club and springing forward.

In an instant there was a riot. The club of Emma Haas was cracking heads at a great rate. Several deputies were knocked down.

When it was over there was not a deputy who did not have a sore head. Five of the women were arrested, although it took four or five deputies to hold each one of them. The Joan of Arc was the last one subdued.

Emma Haas, the "Queen" of the Coal Miners' Strike.



By the "Joan of Arc" Herself.

CENTER, Allegheny County, Pa., Sept. 15.—To the Editor of the Sunday Journal: I do not know what made me interested so much in the miners' strike, but I suppose it was because my father is a miner. I never aspired to be a leader or a Joan of Arc, but I pitied the poor, down-trodden coal diggers. Notwithstanding that my father is of foreign birth, I believe all these strikes are caused by foreigners who are willing to work at less wages than American-born men. I would like to be a man. I would show some of the black sheep that I would be a good striker. Even if I am not a man, I can show the principles of one. I believe the strikers are right, and they ought to win their strike. I think they can do it if they continue the struggle on the same lines as they have been following. The deputies are costing the stockholders of the company thousands of dollars every week. The miners have nothing to lose. They only get a living before the strike, and are getting about the same now.

One thing I have noticed in this struggle, and I have also read of it in other strikes. That is, that women make better strikers than men. If it was not for the women of Center, Clarksburg and the other small villages around Plum Creek many, if not nearly all, of the men would be back at work. The charge that the men force the women to march in order that the women will act as shields for the men is false. The truth of the matter is that the women cannot be kept out of participating in the strike. I can cite dozens of cases where it was early morning marches, the women pulling the men out of bed by force and making them go out on the march, many of them would have lain there until all the black sheep had gone into the mines. I also know of cases where women have forced their husbands to stop work and join the strikers. Some of the women have threatened to leave their husbands if the latter did not assert their manhood. Women have more pride than men, and their sensibilities are finer. A woman does not want to be looked upon as the wife or sister of a black sheep who is trying to prevent his fellow-men from bettering their condition.

The strikers have been very kind to me, and what I did for them was from a sense of duty. I thought it was my duty to work to help better the condition of my neighbors, and I am enlisted in their cause to the end. I am willing to go to prison for them. We cannot help but win the fight. All the Pittsburgh mines with the exception of De Armit's will be working after the end of this week, and the 30,000 diggers will contribute part of their wages to carry on the De Armit strike. That is, we will be in better shape to fight the De Armit than now. There is an end to the large expenditure of money for deputies. If the deputies are sent away we will have no trouble getting out the black sheep, and our fight will be crowned with victory. (Signed) EMILY HAAS.

Whoever was nearest the door turned the handle. The rest of us almost piled over each other in our eagerness to get away. We were stopped by Mamie's voice. "Hold on a minute!" she exclaimed. "Remember, now, you took an oath. You will have to keep it. I am the first, and I am going to do as I swore I would. If any of you fall after I am gone I will come back and haunt you until you will be glad enough to take carbolic. Now don't blab, and don't bother me if you see me on the street."

The next thing I knew I was out in the street, and in a few minutes I was in my room. I trembled so I could hardly get my clothes off to go to bed. I dozed off to sleep several times during the night, but always woke up with the most awful dreams.

Next day I didn't see Mamie, but on the next she was at Italian Jack's, drunk. The other girls whom I met must have felt as I did—too much frightened to talk about the dreadful thing we had done. I felt as though that oath was crushing me down day and night. As for Mamie, she did not say a word to anybody. She simply drank even more than in the past. I never saw her sober again. I wonder now that I didn't die of fear and nervousness. I don't think I ever slept. I drank as much as ever I could get. I ate nothing. Day after day I looked for news of Mamie's death, for I fully believed that she would kill herself as she had sworn. I dreaded so to hear that I moved away from my room, which was next door to Mamie's. I was in Italian Jack's on the night of August 6, drinking with some men, when the news that I had tried so hard to escape came. Stella Martin rushed in. She looked like a ghost, and I knew what she was going to say before she opened her mouth.

"My God, Minnie, Mamie has killed herself!" I faintly.

When I came to I was still in Jack's place. They had thrown water over me and I was wringing wet. Stella was beside me, and told me all about the terrible news.

They had found Mamie in her room dead, with a bottle of carbolic acid beside her. It was just thirteen days from the night of that awful meeting. I cried until I thought I was going crazy. They gave me lots to drink, though it didn't make me feel drunk. I went to my room and stayed there until the day of Mamie's funeral at the Mission. She had been in the Mission and had made lots of trouble, but all that seemed to be forgotten. Several people sent flowers. Mamie's husband, an honest tinsmith, whom she had left a dozen times to take up with other men, was there, and seemed to have forgiven her.

It was all so quiet and peaceful after the terrible season of suspense I had undergone. I wished myself in Mamie's place over and over again before the services were ended. I lost all the terror that had been on me, and the coffin had hardly started to the cemetery before I found myself talking with the other girls about our next meeting. They seemed as anxious as I was for the date to come.

On the afternoon of the 13th we met by agreement in a saloon on Bleeker street, just west of the Bowery, and across the street from the Mission. Mamie Kelly was the only one who did not show up. The other ten, besides myself, were there. No one knew, of course, what we were doing. The proprietor of the place supposed we had come in for a drink.

We agreed to meet at Jack's for the drawing of lots that night. In order to avoid suspicion, we arranged to go two or three at a time after midnight and draw our lots out of Stella Martin's hat. We were to put in our hands and draw without looking. Stella was to have the lot that remained. Not one of us showed. Mamie Kelly, who had not shown up in the afternoon, turned up in the evening. Some of the girls who met her told her about the plan, and she got to Jack's and made her drawing before I did. I came

back from her bedroom window to testify that she was loyal to the strikers. When the women's marches began she was at the head of the column, and rendered such valuable services to the cause that she was elected "Queen of Camp Isolation." The ceremony took place at a meeting attended by five thousand people. Miss Haas was dressed in white, and a crown of daisies was placed on her head by Mrs. Mary G. Jones, the American Railway Union organizer of Chicago, who came here with Eugene V. Debs. Emily Haas may not make history like the girl who conquered armies in France, but it is quite evident that she is the miners' idol and queens it over all of them.

And yet, since Emma Haas became the strikers' Queen, her father has dug no coal, and now the familyarder is growing poorer each day. Emily cheers her father, and tells him the strikers will surely win the struggle, and he will earn more money than he did before. Her cheerful disposition and earnest manner have kept more men than her father from going back into the mines.

## NEW YORK'S SUICIDE CLUB OF WOMEN.

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course, until the drawing was over we didn't any of us know she had it. Stella Martin took the second drawing. The other girls followed. I was last, and Mamie had to lift my hand into the hat. I was too much frightened to do it myself, and even dared to look at the paper in her hand as she drew down so low that it began to sputter. There was scarcely enough light to see. I was in a daze. Suddenly I heard some one say:

"Well, girls, I've got it. Are you glad?" It was Mamie Russell. I felt as if a mountain had been lifted off my chest. I could have laughed with joy, so happy was I to think that I did not hold the dreadful skull in my hand. Had it been there I would have felt that there was no escape from death. At that moment I would never have dreamed that it was possible to break any oath.

I don't know how long we stood there, no one saying a word. Mamie Russell's face was the only one I could make out. She sat almost over the candle. I watched her as if fascinated. I noticed a change in her face. The liquor seemed to have left even her.

"Well, why don't you go home?" Mamie demanded of a sudden, her voice coming out of the stillness as sharp as the crack of a whip, and making me fairly jump.

"Why don't you go home?" "Whoever was nearest the door turned the handle. The rest of us almost piled over each other in our eagerness to get away. We were stopped by Mamie's voice. "Hold on a minute!" she exclaimed. "Remember, now, you took an oath. You will have to keep it. I am the first, and I am going to do as I swore I would. If any of you fall after I am gone I will come back and haunt you until you will be glad enough to take carbolic. Now don't blab, and don't bother me if you see me on the street."

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with Mamie Donohue and Frankie Moore. Stella was sitting in the back room. She said that five girls had been there before us. They had all drawn blanks.

Without the slightest hesitation Frankie Moore put in her hand and drew a lot. She opened it without the least excitement. Somehow we seemed to have got used to the dreadful lottery already. As usual, we had been drinking, but for all that we were cool enough. I was going to follow Frankie, and had stretched out my hand when Mamie Donohue suddenly pushed me aside.

"Let me try first," she said, and without waiting for an answer she pulled out a slip of paper. The next thing I heard her say sharply:

"Oh, God! I've got it!"

I looked over her shoulder. Her hand was shaking as if she had the palsy, but I could see that she had the skull, sure enough. Stella, who had prepared the lots, had drawn crossbones as well as a skull. I Mission letter head or circular of some kind, as I saw the name of the mission on the other side. As soon as I saw the ball in Mamie's hand all my coolness left me. I got excited enough. I began to shake almost as much as she did. The poor girl looked at the paper in her hand as if she was crazy. She sank into a chair and began to moan.

"I don't want to kill myself," she said in a tone that could, I thought, be heard all over the place.

"Shut up! Do you want to give us all away?" demanded Stella, taking her roughly by the arm. "You needn't kill yourself if you don't want to, but don't cry here. They will find out all about us."

Then Stella showed us the rest of the lots, to show that all was fair. There were five left, all blanks. I was too much excited to talk. Poor Mamie sat perfectly still. A drink was brought her, but she did not touch it. How long we remained there I don't know. Mamie was the first to go. She didn't say a word. I noticed that she still had the skull ballot in her hand as she walked out. I followed her after awhile with Stella Martin. Neither of us spoke a word.

I got more and more nervous as the day went on. That night again I could not sleep. The peaceful feeling that had come over me at Mamie Russell's funeral was gone. Next day I got worse. I hardly dared look anybody in the face. Whenever I saw a policeman I took the other side of the street. When night came I decided to look for Mamie Donohue. She was not in her room, and did not show up at Jack's, or on Bleeker street. It was not until the following Monday I found her. By that time I was almost sick with fear. Mamie I scarcely recognized. She had always been a pretty girl. Now she looked forty years old. Her eyes were sunken and bloodshot. She had been drinking, but was not drunk. I met her on Prince street near the Bowery, coming out of a saloon. I don't think I was ever more glad to see anybody. I told her so. She simply said:

"Are you?"

"Yes, and you mustn't kill yourself," I told her. "You mustn't."

"I can't help it."

"Why," I asked, now more scared than ever.

"Because Mamie Russell has already begun to haunt me."

She said it as quietly and listlessly as if she was speaking of taking a cable car. I fairly jumped.

"You are crazy," I said.

"No, I am not. Mamie Russell has begun to haunt me. She came last night and the night before and the night before. I went everywhere to avoid her. I drank and drank, but the more whiskey I took the plainer I saw her. Nobody else could see her. I suppose because they didn't seem to notice. But I saw her. To-night I will see her again."

I was so much excited and frightened by what Mamie said that I made no effort to hold her. I was glad enough to let her go. I began to drink myself to steady my nerves, and when that didn't help I went to Chinatown and hit the pipe. That is the only thing that quieted me.

I never saw Mamie Donohue again. I think I would have run if I had caught sight of her. I kept away from the Bowery. I avoided all the other girls. Every dollar that I got I put in the pipe. I tried to forget Mamie, but couldn't.

I was coming out of Mott street into the Bowery on the afternoon of August 21. I saw a newsboy with an early edition of the Evening Journal. I don't know what possessed me to buy a paper. It was the first one I had bought since Mamie Russell's funeral. Almost the first thing I saw was an account of an unknown young woman who had taken a dose of carbolic acid on Fourteenth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. She had been taken to the hospital and was dying.

I knew as well as if I had seen her that it was Mamie Donohue. I almost fell where I stood. The little newsboy noticed it and gave me a hand to a step. I sat down there. I saw a policeman coming. That braced me up and I managed to stagger to my feet. I was afraid that I would somehow be arrested for Mamie Donohue's murder. I got away. I went to my room.

All night I was possessed by Mamie Donohue's face. I kept on repeating the oath Mamie Russell had given us. Next day I still managed to keep up, but on the following day I collapsed.

It was then I sent for the good lady who had interested herself in me. I told her the whole story. She took away my head, and gradually Mamie Donohue's face faded out of my eyes and the oath no longer haunts me.

MINNIE BOCKLER.

## A Quick Electric Hair Cut Without Scissors.

You may have your hair cut by electricity now. David Seide, of Hartford, Conn., has just patented a little instrument which will do the trick in a few twinklings without the use of scissors or of the flame which is sometimes used as a substitute in up-to-date barber shops.

It is a compact metal tool, consisting in part of a comb. Of course, the tonsorial artist must always use a comb in this sort of work, inasmuch as it gives him a gauge for making the hairs of equal length as they are drawn through the teeth.

The instrument in question is connected with a little battery by a couple of wires. When he wishes to administer a hair cut, the barber presses his thumb upon a certain part of the tool, thus completing a circuit. The electricity instantly heats white hot a platinum wire which runs the length of the comb. Then all that is required is that the operator shall comb the hair of the customer with a few graceful waves of the little appliance, and the instrument wire burning it off at the proper length.

## "A hit, a very palpable hit."

—SHAKESPEARE.

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FRUIT DISH: Silver plated, richly engraved base and elegant cut dish, really worth double.

\$3.00.

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